



YULETIDE THOUGHTS.

BY REV. FR. JAMES, O. C. C.



WEET Yuletide! Days of love divine!
 What hallowed joys dost Thou bestow!
 Incarnate Mercy—gift of Thine
 Hath set our grateful hearts aglow.

When Adam's guilt our birthright lost
 But Sin remained, seed of the grave.
 Redemption then a Man-God cost
 And Him to-day the Virgin gave.

This Babe, who loved, nor e'er could hate
 Aught else but sin, let us adore;
 Who, at life's close shall expiate
 Whate'er our guilt was heretofore.

In Him the High Priest we adore
 Who on our Altars gives His Blood;
 The Prophet, aye, and even more,
 King, thorn-crowned, of the Holy Rood.

O holy Infant! grant our age
 A knowledge of Thy Spirit true,
 Yes! make us humble, poor, and sage,
 That thus we may be born anew.

Our youth inspire to be pure,
 Our families keep in bonds of love,
 To nations grant Thy peace secure
 All mankind lead to heaven above.

And then all joy our hearts shall fill,
 And all shall praise Thee loud and long,
 Who hear Thy voice and have good will
 As promised us by Angels' song.